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P96

Suck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 5, 1916
PRICE TEN CENTS



Painted by Harry Morse Meyers

AN IMPREGNABLE FIRST-LINE DEFENSE

New-York Life Insurance Co.,

346 & 348 Broadway, New York City

To the Policy-holders and Public:

One year ago I stated that the European war would not have any material effect on our Company, notwithstanding the world-wide character of its business. I now confirm that statement by facts based on experience that includes twelve added months of war.

In life insurance the financial effect of mortality is expressed by the per cent. which the total actual death losses of the year bear to the expected death losses according to the tables of mortality adopted by the state for valuation purposes. Through a period of years this per cent. (disregarding fractions) has been as follows:—

1912	Actual death losses	76%	of the "expected"
1913	Actual death losses	73%	of the "expected"
1914	Actual death losses	73%	of the "expected" (5 months of war)
1915	Actual death losses	73%	of the "expected" (12 months of war)

In all the world, from the beginning of hostilities up to January, 1916, seventeen months, we had in all the membership of the Company 534 separate war claims.

During the year 1915:—

409	members of the Company	were killed in war
448	members of the Company	were killed by accident
707	members of the Company	died of cancer
772	members of the Company	died of pneumonia
950	members of the Company	died of tuberculosis.

A modern war cannot be localized. Electricity, steam, and the partial conquest of the air, have made the world so small that any great international upheaval shocks the whole of civilization. War under such conditions takes its toll impartially, and in these days the nation which is an "innocent bystander" suffers proportionately with the belligerents. This Company had, in seventeen months, war losses from seventeen countries, and what may be called AMERICAN LOSSES exceed those of any belligerent country except in two instances:

United States (including Lusitania losses)	\$112,000
Australia	29,000
Austria-Hungary	105,500
Belgium	23,000
Canada	49,000
Great Britain	84,000
Russia	76,000

Only in France and Germany have the totals exceeded those of our own country.

Life insurance isn't designed merely for times of peace. It would confess its inability highly to serve humanity if it did not measurably cover all the risk naturally incurred by healthy men.

DURING THE YEAR 1915 NO POLICY-HOLDER OR BENEFICIARY, WHEREVER RESIDENT, WAS DENIED A REASONABLY PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF ANY JUST CLAIM. WE HAVE IGNORED AND STILL IGNORE ALL MORATORIA, ALTHOUGH THESE REGULATIONS ARE INVOKED AGAINST US IN SOME PLACES.

In New Business we have made good the natural shrinkage on an outstanding business of \$2,347,000,000 at the close of 1914, and increased the total amount to \$2,403,000,000 at the close of 1915. Of the \$214,000,000 new business paid for in 1915 over \$200,000,000 was secured in the United States and Canada.

NO BOND ISSUED BY ANY BELLIGERENT COUNTRY AND HELD BY US WAS IN DEFAULT OF PRINCIPAL OR OF INTEREST AT THE CLOSE OF 1915.

THE INVESTMENTS OF THE YEAR (OUTSIDE OF LOANS ON POLICIES AND REAL ESTATE ACQUIRED THROUGH FORECLOSURE) WERE \$36,696,191.59 INVESTED TO PAY 5.13%.

Assets (market values) Dec. 31, 1915	\$822,917,849.85
Legal Liabilities, Dec. 31, 1915	699,353,383.57
Reserved (market values) for Dividends and Contingencies, Dec. 31, 1915	123,564,466.28
Income 1915	131,525,014.75
Paid Policy-holders in 1915	75,921,160.24

January 13, 1916.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President.



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To Our Newspaper Friends

Puck can use more good "copy" — short stories, paragraphs and *bon mots* in which the average newspaper office abounds.

In developing a new school of satire, we have found the ranks of the active journalists of the country our most fertile field.

The work-a-day world of the newspaper man is prolific in incident which is denied the permanency it richly deserves by the ephemeral character of his duties. Editors who are keenly alive to the development of the literary abilities of their staff are quick to encourage any tendency among their men to develop the humor of the day beyond the mere scope of a stickful in the news columns.

So we say to our editor friends, and to their staff men, send your good stories to PUCK. If they are genuinely good, the compensation will be liberal, for PUCK pays by the smile, not by the mile.

It may be a two-line bit of wisdom dropped by a local philosopher, or an anecdote about the town Croesus, or a bit of fugitive verse — send it along.

We promise it a cordial and sympathetic reception.

Next Week's PUCK

Ralph Barton contributes a double-page in color next week picturing the daily routine of the Parisienne in times of war. Another feature of especial interest is a statuette of Mrs. Leonard Thomas, a noted beauty of New York and Newport, modeled by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy.

What Muriel Learned —for \$2.00

How a Little Bird Told Her 1,000 Secrets

MURIEL is a *this year's* debutante. You can see that for yourself by looking at the clever sketch which our artist has drawn of her. Muriel's eyes are measurably wide open. She can usually find her way home in the dark. She knows precisely who's who in New York, also what's what, and approximately when's when, and usually how's how. She needs no Baedeker, or pocket compass, or tufted homing pigeon to show her the way to the opera, to Sherry's, to the best music, the prettiest frocks, the newest motors, the most amusing costume balls, and even the most sinister cabarets. New York is her oyster. She always carries an oyster-knife ready to open it. The entertaining side of New York life is an open book to her. Observe her sunny smile, her wayward curls, her bold, bright eyes. The red wheels of the hansoms on Fifth Avenue are not more bright than are her carmine lips. The gleaming façade of St. Patrick's Cathedral is not more white than is her pretty, powdered nose. Muriel is, in short, a self-starter — an indubitable eight-cylinder girl.



LITTLE MURIEL, THE DÉBUTANTE, AND HER HIGHLY TRAINED BIRD

BUT, reader, perhaps you will ask: "Who is Muriel's little Bird?"

Well, that's an easy one. The little bird is only a symbol—a symbol of knowledge, of wisdom, of omniscience. Its real name is Vanity Fair—a magazine that is forever on the wing, that flies everywhere, that unlocks every secret, answers every question, solves every dilemma, satisfies the needs of every yearning soul. It is published monthly at 25 cents a copy or \$3 a year. It is a mirror of American life, original and picturesque; informal, personal, intimate, frivolous, unconventional, but with a point of view at once wholesome, stimulating and refreshing.

Take the cream of your favorite magazines of the theatre, sport, books and art. Add the sprightly qualities of such publications as *The Sketch*, *The Tatler* and *La Vie Parisienne* with something of Broadway and Fifth Avenue—all within beautiful color covers—and you have a general idea of Vanity Fair.

And, best of all, a very special introductory offer places this big, breezy journal of unalloyed joyousness on your reading table for the rest of 1916—nearly a full year—for only \$2.

Tear Off This Coupon!

VANITY FAIR, 449 Fourth Ave., New York City
Please enter my subscription to VANITY FAIR for the rest of 1916, beginning with the current issue, at the special \$2 rate offered to readers of this magazine. Mail me the current issue at once. I enclose the \$2 herewith; (OR) I will remit \$2 on receipt of your bill the first of the month.

Name.....

Address.....P. 2-5-16

Twelve of the 1,000 Secrets

1 How long—to a second—a girl can keep a young man waiting for a luncheon engagement without infuriating him to the point of chucking her.

2 Why Cezanne and Arthur B. Davies have helped to revolutionize modern painting.

3 How many quarts of champagne 400 men will drink at a fancy dress dance at Sherry's.

4 How to enter an opera box without embarrassment, and leave it without stumbling.

5 Why the growing vogue of futurist music has been built up on so-called dissonances.

6 How, at a Broadway cabaret, to tell a lady from a chorus girl.

7 What scrapes the Freudian theory of dreams can get a good girl into.

8 How to get into the Domino room at Bustanoby's after three A. M.

9 How to work your way, underground, for the four blocks separating the Park Ave. portal of the Belmont Hotel from the Manhattan Hotel's 43rd Street entrance.

10 What is being talked about today in the grandest, gloomiest, and most marble-and-gold society of America and England.

11 How to worm a private telephone number out of the girl at the telephone central.

12 How to make an orchestra leader in a hotel palm room play Driga's "Serenade" without tipping him.



Among those able to testify that Woodrow Wilson is not "too proud to fight" are the old-line machine politicians of New Jersey.

Our study will be the habits of the birds, their eggs, their songs, their courtships.—*A zoological explorer.*

The order is wrong. To be strictly accurate he should have said, "their songs, their courtships, their eggs."

The more we read of the antics of the Ford Peace Party abroad, the more we respect Henry Ford for quitting it when he did.

Commuters' complaints of badly lighted trains on the New Haven bore fruit yesterday.—*News fragment.*

Lemons?

Colonel Roosevelt has suggested the following as a motto for a boys' club: "Never be neutral between right and wrong." And p. s.: If the boys are ever in doubt as to what constitutes right, let them rest easy. There is a source of infallibility ever on tap.

There isn't an opium den in Chinatown. If I wanted to show you one I would have to build it.

—*A Chinese merchant.*

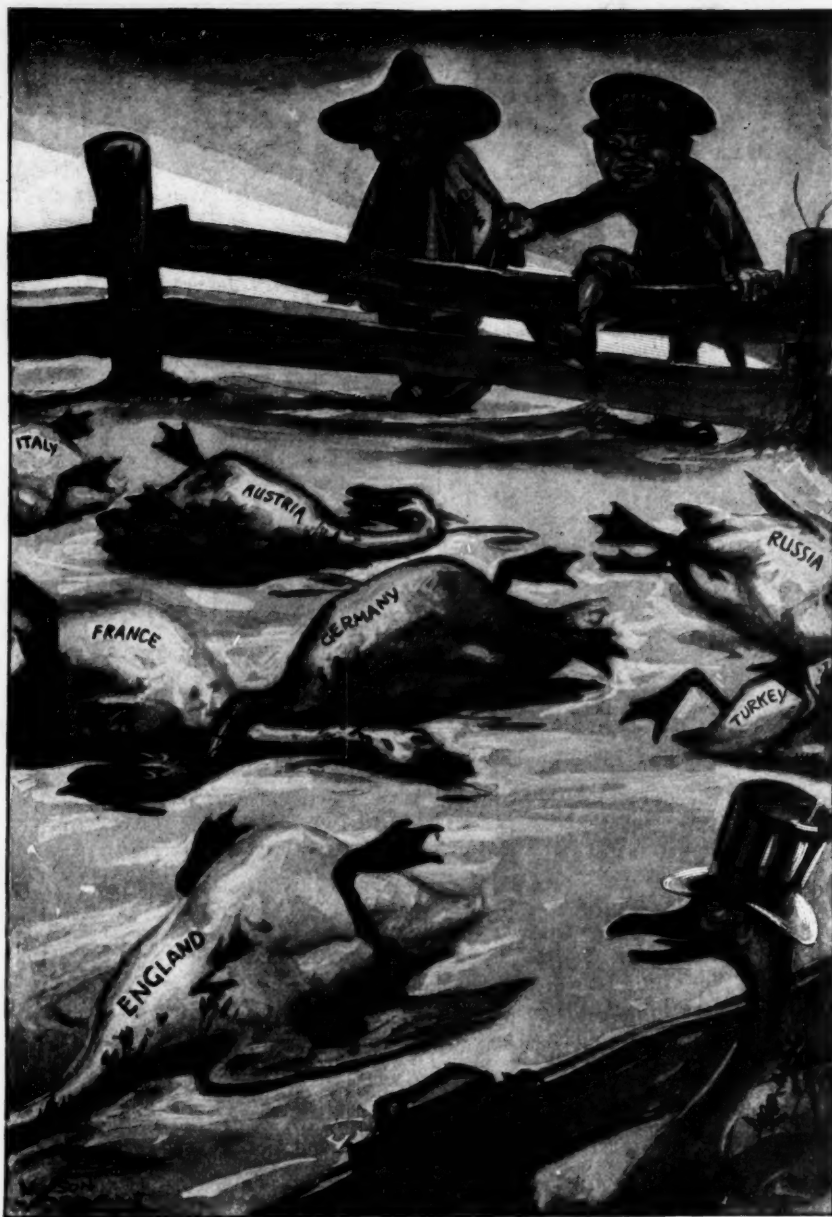
What a painful shock this is bound to be to the "Seeing New Yorker!"

"Bachelor Dinner to Precede Wedding," pens a writer of newspaper headlines. Another society innovation! Why not a headline reading: "Wedding March to Precede Wedding Journey!"



PREPAREDNESS

TEDDY: They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place, but that's because people don't take proper precautions



Drawn by Nelson Greene

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE EUROPEAN GEESSE

JAPAN: Oh, look, John, I didn't even have to kill 'em — All I have to do is to eat 'em

No day passes without bringing fresh announcements of increases in wages. Steel and iron workers, miners, textile workers, munition makers, all are participating.—*Wall Street review.*

How the Republicans would gloat over this if they, instead of the Democrats, were in power. Happening in a Democratic administration, it is, of course, an "accidental prosperity."

The Sultan of Turkey has received a sword from the Kaiser. In Japan, the recipient of a sword discreetly deduces that he has been invited to commit hari-kari. Can it be that —?

When it comes to a choice between preparedness and public buildings,

Champ Clark is for public buildings "tooth and nail." A post-office loaded with pork makes such an admirable defense in time of war.

So busy were the druggists of Westchester County with grip prescriptions that the quarterly meeting of the County Pharmaceutical Society was abandoned.—*The news of the day.*

What's the answer? When druggists do meet, is it a sign that they are selling but stamps and orange phosphates?

With an enlarged army will come the necessity for enlarged army contracts. We trust that "embalmed beef" will play no part in Preparedness.

Buck



THE NEWS IN RIME

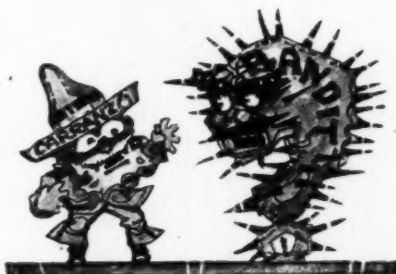
Verses by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

For ways that are obscurely dark,
One feels coerced to hand it
To Mexico, where gayly lark
The cutthroat and the bandit.
And so to that rebellious land,
With more of hate than pity,
We beg to state
We dedicate
This — well, why not banditty?

To know the war's exact effect,
Give ear to Arnold Bennett;
Philander Knox would not object
To sitting in the Senate.
The groundhog, for a day, will pose
As atmospheric leader
(To-day, one gleams,
A "groundhog" means
An automobile speeder).

To random Presidential wives
One H. seems ever colder;
He Hughes unto the line and piles
The chips upon his shoulder.
The Montenegrins quit the war,
In lofty indignation;
But be not sore —
A couple more
Desire initiation.



Our continental army should
Be more than ornamental,
But Congress goes on knocking Wood,
Nor gives a cantinental.
Jane Addams and T. Roosevelt
Have definitely parted;
It's eight to five
The Russian drive
Returns to where it started.



Denying that his friend, the Lord,
Has grown a trifle cooler,
The Kaiser gave a jeweled sword
To Turkey's jolly ruler.
And here's as choice a bit of news
As ever man will see, 'bo:
We know wherefrom
The pickles come
That please the Laird of Skibo.

The Kaiser's day of birth was hailed
With much congratulation
(A couple of the presents failed
To reach their destination).
Culebra took another slide —
Gee, how that thing has acted!
Unheard of rocks
Now lurk in stocks —
But can they be extracted?

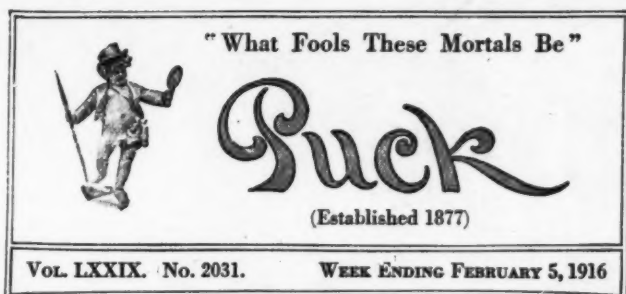
They who would hark to fashion's call
Must have their pockets bulging;
But how to get the wherewithal
Nobody is divulging.
The cost of marrying is less —
'Tis mean to prick the bubble:
But like, at times,
These little rimes,
The upkeep is the trouble.





Drawn by Nelson Greene

SWEET '16
TO WHICH SUITOR IS SHE GOING TO PROPOSE?



The Root of Some Evil

MR. ELIHU ROOT'S vociferous denunciation of foreign-born citizens in his speech before the New York State Bar Association would have more weight did not he himself belong to an "old American family." It is a little hard for most of us to listen with a straight face to Mr. Root's exhortations to maintain the old American traditions and institutions. If he refers to those exemplified in his own career—bribery, cunning, disloyalty and intrigue—we do not want to recommend them unreservedly to a somewhat idealistic class of men who have come to America, looking upon her as a haven of justice and liberty. On the other hand, it must be admitted that there are among the immigrant class of lawyers which, according to Mr. Root, constitute thirty per cent. of the lawyers of New York City, few of such distinguished ability as Mr. Root. There are indeed few of whom old William C. Whitney could say, as he said of Mr. Root, "Any lawyer can tell me what I cannot do; Root tells me what I can do, and he gets around the law every time."

A New Congressional Delicacy

CONGRESS has a new dish. In time it may supersede in popularity Hancock's famous fried chicken and hoe-cake. It is plainly labeled "Pork stuffed with Preparedness," and can be had only in the Congressional Cafe, with a beaker of grape-juice.

Mr. Sherwood, an astute member from Ohio, is the chef responsible for this delicacy. Mr. Sherwood may readily be recalled as the *first Democrat in the House* to take issue with the President on the question of preparedness.

"Prepare? Not for Ohio," he cried—some weeks ago. Ohio is inland, and Britain guards the entrance to her only waterway. Therefore Ohio was safe from invasion. So reasoned Sherwood.

But a great light dawned on this sound-reasoning statesman. If Preparedness was destined to sidetrack Pork, why not combine the two? So we have the Sherwood bill, appropriating \$5,000,000 for a government munition plant in Toledo, Ohio. Now, how did you guess that Toledo is Representative Sherwood's home town?

No, sir! Ohio wants no Preparedness—that is, unless the guns are made in Toledo.

We would suggest that Representative Sher-

wood join forces with that sturdy patriot, the Hon. Frank Clark, of Alachua County, Florida, who declared the other day that only one town in his district was unprovided with a suitable government building, and that he wouldn't be happy until that lone village had its slice of Pork.

George Washington Sherwood! Patrick Henry Clark!

Tweedledumism and Tweedledeeism

WHAT has become of the righteous persons, pro-German in their sympathies, who saw such occasion to be shocked at the employment by the Allies of Turcos from Northern Africa and native troops from British India? That "Christian civilization" should be defended by "barbarians" struck them as being a monstrous piece of hypocrisy, a farce of hideous impudence. What has become of them? Can it be that they have now become reconciled to the spectacle through the holy alliance of the Kaiser and the Sultan? A Turco fighting side by side with a Frenchman is an insult to European civilization. But an Asiatic Turk fighting side by side with a German is, and ever will be, an inspiring instance of the "brotherhood of man."

Rousing a Bull Dog

MONTENEGRO'S surrender brings one fact forcefully to mind: England is again helpless to protect her weak allies. Too late in Belgium, impotent in Servia, her inefficiency is again demonstrated in the conquest of little Montenegro. Tradition has it that the English Bulldog once aroused is an invincible foe. Unless we assume that it takes more than a year and a half of war to accomplish the needful rousing, we must conclude that the much-vaunted invincibility is confined strictly to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—us four and no more!

A Progressive Platform in Tablet Form

WE favor a permanent Tariff Commission (*and war with Germany*). We are keen for the Initiative and Referendum (*and for war with Austria*). We advocate the Recall for Judicial Decisions (*and a declaration of war against Turkey*). We believe in Woman Suffrage (*and in making war on Bulgaria*). We demand Social Justice (*and immediate war with Mexico*). As our beloved country is totally unprepared for war, we pledge ourselves to get it into one at the earliest possible date. In short, if any man attempts to haul down the Big Stick, shoot him on the spot!

INASMUCH as the old-line Republicans and the new-line Progressives are flirting desperately with each other and seeking avenues of graceful compromise for their deplorable past differences, permit us to suggest in a spirit of helpfulness the following rally-cry for their mutual use: "We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Pork!"

The Railroad Movie

The girl—she is usually a telegraph operator—is seen at her job. She wears a short skirt because girl operators in the movies *must* wear short skirts—they have so much work to do with their legs and feet before they are “passed by the Board of Censors.”

A couple of trains go by, just to prove that it is a railroad drama.

The conductor of No. 7 comes in to have a chat with Gladys, the operator.

No. 7 pulls out, leaving Gladys alone.

Gladys “registers” horror as the telegraph ticks the news that thieves have captured a car of waste-paper attached to a local freight. The car is coming down grade, thieves and all, and it is too late to warn No. 7.

Gladys runs out and looks up the track. Gladys runs twice around the platform, proving beyond doubt that they are silk.

View of No. 7 on its unsuspecting way. It whistles realistically, the man at the piano pausing long enough to blow on a little tin trumpet, like Willie got for Christmas.

View of runaway freight car, thieves hanging on desperately.

No more hesitation for Gladys. She lifts a five-hundred-pound hand-car onto the track and starts it off in the teeth of the wind. Gladys is rather shapely, although it is terrible to notice such things when No. 7 is in peril.

Gladys discards hand-car and jumps on broncho. For a girl comparatively plump, she has rather prominent knee-caps, don't you think? However—

A perfectly thrilling ride across country, the railroad fortunately having more curves than a watchspring. It is—pray heaven—possible to ride



A GENERAL ALARM

“Say, Mister, I dropped a penny. Will yer please tell the Street Cleaning Department about it?”



THE REST HOUR

“Bobby, why aren't you playing with your cousin Ethel?”
“Gee whiz, mother! Don't I get an hour off at noon?”

four miles in a straight line while the train is going forty around double reverses. On, broncho!

View of No. 7, still unsuspecting.

View of flying freight car, laden with waste-paper. Thieves, one by one, leave their booty and jump for their lives. Car goes on.

Gladys leaps from broncho, and jumps in automobile.

Gladys leaps from automobile into motor-boat.

Gladys docks motor-boat, and starts to run toward drawbridge. If you noticed anything, please have the decency not to mention it. When bent on saving a train full of lives, a girl has to move.

Gladys climbs to dizzy height on bridge structure. Well, since you ask me, I prefer plain black myself. But it is wholly a matter of taste, and besides, this is no time to—

Gladys swings in midair and drops from drawbridge squarely into the tender of Train No. 7, which is just passing. She lands on soft coal, uninjured.

She crawls down to the footboard and tells the engineer of No. 7 for god-saketobackup. He does so.

View of runaway freight car.

Gladys leaps from No. 7, now backing nicely, and starts to open the drawbridge. There is nobody around but the audience.

Runaway freight car arrives just in time for an Annette Kellermann dive; it dives and disappears. No. 7 is safe!

Gladys boards No. 7, to be taken back

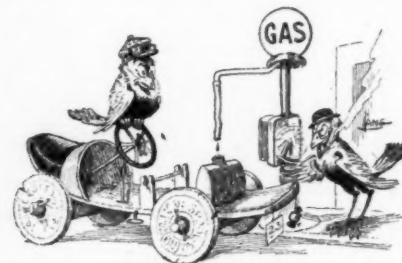
to her station, ninety miles away. Really, the conductor of No. 7 should be more careful. That car-step is frightfully high and—I think the left one had a darned place in it.

Back on her station platform, Gladys waves good-by to No. 7 and its grateful crew. What a windy day it is! Gladys is waving all over.

Wouldn't the railroad movie be perfectly grand if they'd cut out the locomotives and the cars?

There has been organized lately a company of blind Boy Scouts. When they grow up they will fit well in the New York Street Cleaning Department.

And now Mr. Wilson is being urged to put ex-President Taft “on the bench.” Mr. Taft has been on the bench ever since he was put out of the game in 1912.



SERVING NOTICE

THE MOTORIST: I tell you one thing, me buck! If gasoline keeps on jumping in price, I know one bird who'll go back to flying

The Vital Element of Preparedness

"It is easier," says the Chinese proverb, "to find a thousand men than to find one general"—a sentiment that, perchance, Lord Kitchener endorses. And, since Chinese proverbs are uncommon wise, we shall do well to consider this one. Take, for instance, this other Chinese saw: "It is not the wine that makes the man drunk; it is the man himself who makes himself drunk." Or that other, "A man thinks he knows; a woman knows." Or again, "Do not tie your shoe while passing through your neighbor's melon patch; do not fix your hat while passing under your neighbor's plum tree!" This last is what *Punch* calls "a hard one"—think it out! When you do, you will see that it is so wise that it gives added moral authority to the one about the general.

Now, the application is this: we are just now in presence of all kinds of schemes to provide, for the defense of these United States, an army of four or five thousand men; where is the adequate provision for providing generals for them, to say nothing of colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants? It takes years to do that. You cannot extemporize. And, in modern war, the loss of officers, whether in the leading of bayonet charges, or through the kind attentions of sharpshooters, is tremendously high, out of all proportion to the loss of men, while, at the same time, they are infinitely harder to replace, at least in a hurry. Perhaps this is an undetected reason why Kitchener's army delays, and delays, and delays.



ON A MEAT DIET?

YOUNG FATHER: My dear, we *must* be more economical; this meat bill is enormous

YOUNG MOTHER: Yes, honey, but you must remember that we have another mouth to feed

He may have the men, but not the officers.

Now, why is it so hard to get officers? It is hard, because, besides the very simple elements of drill, which a clever man can learn in a month, there are a whole string of difficult technical things, sufficiently indicated by the West Point schedules, which will take even a clever man fully four years. Now we have the clever men; we have also the four years—already come together, like "the time, the place, and the girl." Where? In all our universities! Why not, by the side of numberless "snap" courses—botany, plain sewing, Teutonic philology—have this real and difficult course, and, at the end of four years, give the men that have followed

it a Certificate in Soldiering, as well as an ordinary degree? Is there a second?

If the Republicans and the Progressives can agree on one candidate and platform, the Armageddonites will still have their troubles. It may be difficult to persuade a Joe Cannon type of convention to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," as the opening number.

As Mr. Perkins points out, in denying that the Progressive Party has ceased to be, there is a difference between fusion and amalgamation. The difference in this case is that the latter has more syllables.



My! How can Grandma be so bold!
It isn't nice in one so old!



Another view. We hope you see
The wrong in judging hastily

Ruck

THE SEVEN ARTS

By James Huneker

The Russian Ballet captured New York on the evening of

January 17th; the scene of war was the Century Theatre; the invading force was headed by Generalissimo Serge de Diaghileff. The battle was an artistic one, for it was waged by the famous Ballet Russe, about the most widely advertised theatrical organization in the world. Nothing like these acting dancers, or mimes, as they are more aptly called, has been seen in America. The rage for the past half dozen years in Paris, Petrograd and London, they won a new victory here by literally dancing into our affections. Stranger still was the fact that despite the absence of the much heralded Nijinski and Karsavina the company did not seem to lose prestige, though it may be remarked in passing that the places of these two distinguished practitioners were not completely filled by Adolf Bolm and Xenia Macleazova. In a word, it is the splendid ensemble that counts heaviest in the performance of the Russian Ballet, though I fancy we shall open wider our eyes if Nijinski and Tamar Karsavina should come over for the April engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House. Nijinski is incomparable.

Odd as it may seem, it was Isabella Duncan's dancing that pointed out to Mihail Fokine the possibilities of a new choreographic art. Both Miss Duncan and Lois Fuller brought a novel variation into their dancing. Both realistic and fantastic, their work set whirling in the brain of the accomplished Russian ballet-master ideas that were truly heretical at the time. The classic ballet dancer is expressive, but her expression must be in the terms of the conventional steps, gestures, poses. Freedom, yes; but not personal license. Now the impressionistic and imaginative dancing of the Russians, while theoretically based on the classic school, is in practice a violent revolt against its principles; a revolt justified by the admirable results. There is technical virtuosity and there is individual caprice. To call this new form only dancing would be wide of the mark. It is acting, a species of spiritual pantomime, which by rhythmic gestures and eloquent attitudes reveal the meaning of the poet and of the musician. Two decades ago artistic people here fell in love with a little pantomime entitled "L'Enfant Prodigue," the music by Andre Wormser, the part of the prodigal son being assumed by the tiny and bewitching



The drawings on this page, by Ludwig Kainer of Leipzig, were made expressly for Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe during their tour of Europe.

Pilar-Morin, in a Pierrot garb. The music was not particularly original, being eclectic; nevertheless it set many of us to thinking over the correspondence of tone and gesture. Long ago Richard Wagner discovered many secrets of the sort; the flickering of flames, the motion of water, the sound of a ship cable and the strange cries of the Valkyrie brood and their flying steeds he represented in his scores. But thus far no composer has achieved the tonal symbolism of Igor Stravinsky. Much that is enigmatic, cacaphonic, even repulsive, in the music of "L'Oiseau de Feu" when played in the concert room, is significant, dramatic, poetic and beautiful as interpreted by the Russian Ballet.

At first Fokine and Diaghileff were forced to draw upon the music of Chopin, Schumann, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Balakireff, Glazanov, Tchaikovsky, Weber and Berlioz. But the appearance on the scene of the gifted Stravinsky, the problem of a synthesis of three or four arts was partially solved. He composed two ballets, or mimodramas, especially for the company. Other composers followed, Ravel, Hahn, and Debussy and Richard Strauss. Atmospheric music, the music of moods seldom included in the tonal art, is the chief characteristic of this new art, which is symbolic rather than realistic. As important as the music is the decorative scheme invented by the resourceful Leon Bakst. This artist is no newcomer; we have studied his paintings and sketches at the special exhibition given last year by Martin Birnbaum at the Berlin Photographic Gallery. Yet it is only in the theatre that Mr. Bakst shines, and pre-eminently. What seemed violent, eccentric and ugly on canvas and paper, is positively harmonious when it falls into the perspective of the stage. The dissonant color is matched by the dissonant music; all melts into a composite organism when the dancing and miming are in action. Truly living pictures! Barbaric and Asiatic as are the designs of Bakst, you cannot fail to recognize this Russian debt to Aubrey Beardsley, whose wide-reaching and profound influence upon latter-day decorative art is not yet thoroughly appreciated. The Bakst costumes are the apotheosis of the fantastic; his landscapes, fabulous, dreamy, exotic, are the inventions of a decorator doubled by a poet. You feel the inevitable

(Continued on page 21)



Tamar Karsavina

Ruck



Painted by MacDonald of London

NAVAL TERMS FOR THE COMPREHENSION OF LANDSMEN

Morning Session Of the United States Senate Under the New Rule Proposed That the Debate Shall be Edited and Cut Short

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The Senate will please come to order. The chaplain will read his prayer, bearing in mind that brevity is the soul of theology, or ought to be.

THE CHAPLAIN: God help us all. Amen.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Very good. Next time omit the word "all." Morning business?

SENATOR PIFFLE: Give us an army of eight million, and a navy of four hundred dreadnoughts! Whoop!

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: You have heard the impassioned speech of the senator from East California in which he so eloquently pleads for an adequate system of national defense. I recognize the senator from West Hopatecong.

THE SENATOR FROM WEST HOPATCONG: Punk!

PRESIDING OFFICER: Senators! You have listened to the powerful arguments, reinforced by a wealth of im-

agery unsurpassed, of the senator from West Hopatecong. The senator from South Peoria.

THE SENATOR FROM SOUTH PEORIA: Junk!

PRESIDING OFFICER: The senator from South Peoria has shown, as only he can, what we may expect our homes

to become if invaded by a conquering army. His eloquence is irresistible. Next!

THE SENATOR FROM NORTH EAST DUBUQUE: Bah!

THE P. O.: With inimitable scorn, and delicious satire, the senator from North East Dubuque has shown how impossible is the argument of the senator from South Peoria. There being an excellent moving-picture show this afternoon, the Senate will now adjourn.

CHORUS OF SENATORS: 'Nuff said!

Peace and the Piper

We are told that the nations at war pay the piper \$90,000,000 a day. At that rate how long is the dance going to last?

Much seems to depend on the piper. Fat war contracts have made him a party to be reckoned with. The many millions go into somebody's pockets and these in consequence become sources of martial ardor hard to stem.

As for the loss of life, sentiment may be relied upon to get it deemed a sweet and decorous thing, and so long as the plain people are eager to afford copious food for cannon, the piling up of bonded debt doesn't much signify. The piper is glad to extend the credit and the plain people may pay at their leisure.

In short it is difficult to see just what is going to stop a war which pours \$90,000,000 into the channels of trade every day. Peace looks more and more like a reckless disturbance of a profitable order of things.

Automatons may replace soldiers in the next war if the invention of a Danish engineer does what is claimed for it. Pension lawyers, we imagine, will let out a scream of protest.



Drawn by P. L. Crosby

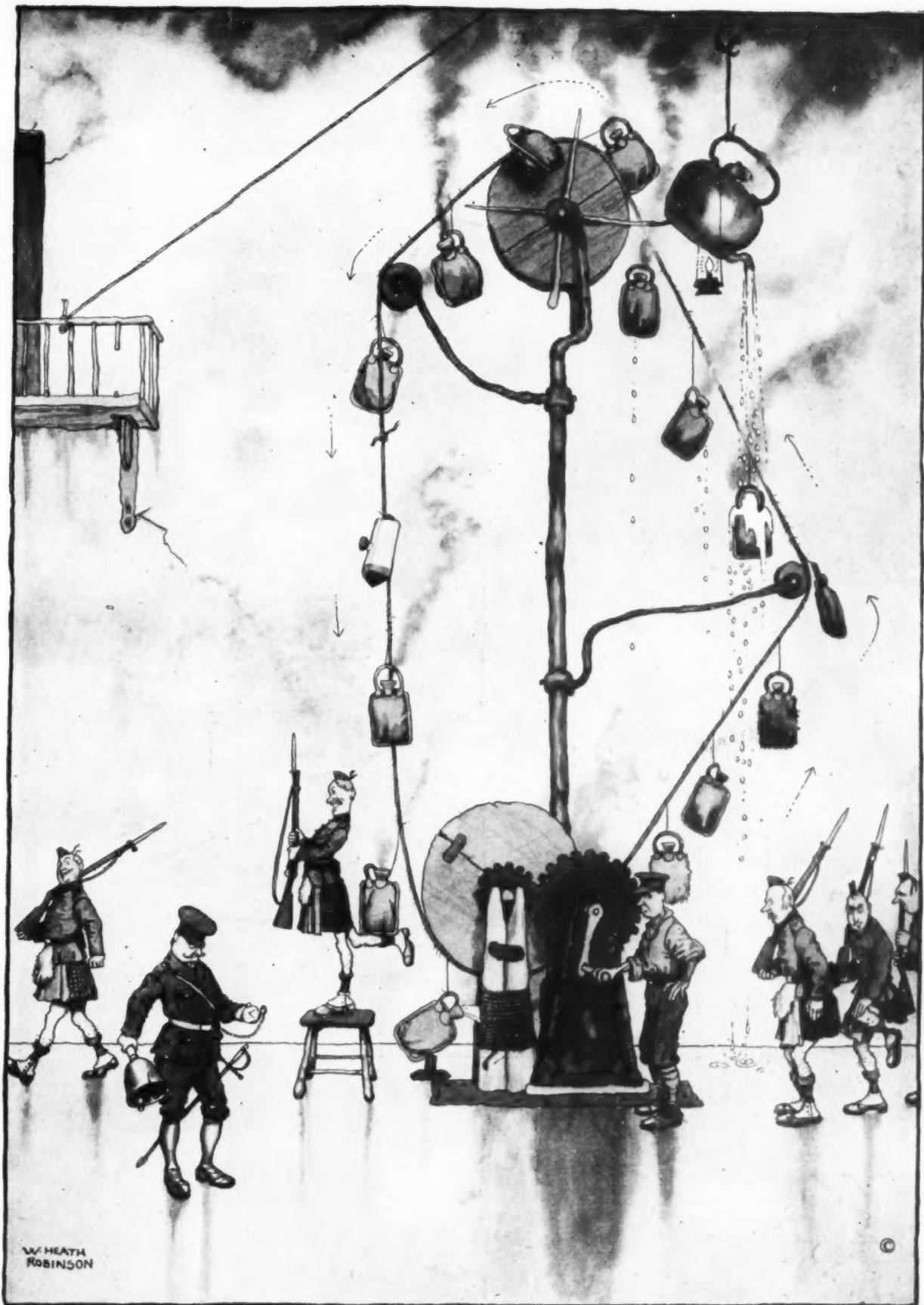
TRYING TO EASE HIS CONSCIENCE

Portrait of a suburbanite, who always says his house is "only ten minutes' walk from the station"



Drawn by W. E. Hill

JUMBO SQUABS



Drawn for Puck by Heath Robinson of London

Copyright in the U. S. A. by Folsom Publishing Co.

WARMING HIGHLANDERS' LEGS AFTER A NIGHT IN THE TRENCHES

A most humane device, proving that the British soldier is well cared for by his superiors. An endless chain of hot-water bags is operated on cog-wheels and pulleys, hot water being supplied from a tea-kettle hung high on a peg. In turn, the "Kilties" climb the chair and receive the warming influence, an officer with a stop-watch giving to each leg a minute. Having served its purpose, a hot-water bag is emptied, and sent up the line for refilling

When One Is Weary

Here we have the story of two middle-aged American citizens. For fear of displaying too much originality, we shall label them James and John.

One day — a wearing, nerve-racking day when everything at the office seemed to go wrong — James leaned one of his elbows on the edge of his big desk and looked out the window over the city roofs.

"I know what's the matter with me," he said to himself. "I'm all tired out and need a good rest. I'll go away somewhere and get it."

And he did. The middle-aged man named James quit his office and hiked away to the health-laden wilds.

Here endeth the story of James.

The middle-aged man named John, who had worked all his life for fear people would say he was not a success, found himself afflicted in much the same way. Business was irksome. Things went wrong. He didn't go at his work with the zest of old.

"I'm tired," said John to himself; "I'm tired all the time. I wonder what's the matter with me and what I ought to do for it."

His wife, when he told her, guessed he had taken a little cold. She told him to take some quinine, which he did. He also put his feet in hot mustard water, and drank a couple of cups of hot lemonade.

But John was still tired.

Next, he went to his family doctor, who took his temperature, looked at his tongue and the whites of his eyes, listened to his lungs, his heart and his liver, and punched and poked him all over his upper anatomy. The family doctor, in summing up for the prosecution, found him guilty of having a sluggish circulation and prescribed a blood and nerve tonic.

But John was still tired.

He went to the family physician several times more, and each time he had his prescription changed and a new one put up. Then he lost faith. He became convinced that the family M.D.

didn't understand his case at all. He intimated to his wife that his ailment was much too complex for a general practitioner to tackle successfully, and he thought he'd go to an osteopath.

He went. The osteopath looked him over, thumped him and listened to him, just as the family doctor had done, and then when everything above the waistline had been removed but his undershirt, laid him, unresisting, upon a padded table and gave him his initial

and another had broken his neck, but still he felt no better. He was positive this time that his ailment was a deep-seated mystery, a conspiracy in which most of his bodily organs were working secretly against him, and that the only person who could possibly save him from wreckhood was a learned specialist. John knew that specialists came high, but this was no time, he felt, to count the pennies, or even the dollars, for that matter.

So he made an appointment with a medical oracle who never stirred out of his office chair except when he was called in consultation, and who then stayed just long enough to say, "Your family physician is doing just what is right. Two hundred dollars, please." In the anteroom of the oracle John waited for two hours one day, and then was shown into the presence of the most high.

He told the oracle all about it: how he felt, what the M.D. had done and what the D.O. had endeavored to accomplish.

"I'm tired," he said in conclusion; "I'm tired all the time. What do you suppose I need?"

The specialist regarded him with a professional gaze.

"My dear sir," he said, "you need a rest. Go away somewhere and get it."

The specialist said that John didn't require any medicine, but when his bill came in John *did* feel the need of a mild bracer.

"A hundred and fifty plunks," murmured John, "just to learn that I ought to rest when I'm tired. Gee whiz!" he

added, as he and Mrs. John packed up for a visit to the health-laden wilds, "I might have told myself that, and see the money I'd have saved."

MORAL

Cut out the middleman.

It begins to look as though the Panama Canal will have gray locks before Culebra is permanently conquered.

If there's one thing the English slacker can't stand these conscriptive days, it's a draft.



Modeled by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy

A CASTLE IN CLAY

"treatment." The osteopath agreed with the family doctor that his circulation was sluggish and proceeded to quicken it by expert manipulation of the spinal vertebrae. John used to break away from the office twice a week and let the osteopath continue the rejuvenation of his spinal column before he went home to dinner. The bill began to look like the New York City debt.

But John was still tired.

What was more, he was becoming desperate. One doctor had doped him,



Ruck

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS



Stop the Press News

Jud Sawyer wound his watch before retiring Sunday night.

Arno Cleaves drove to the wharf the early part of the week to meet the 6.10 boat.

One bunch of shingles, a half dozen laths and 17 ten-penny nails were used by G. P. Billings in some repairing he has done lately.

George Berry has been unusually cheerful of late. He has just learned that a new law has been made that a man isn't obliged to support his mother-in-law.

Dr. John B. Ellis had a patient a few days ago for whom he performed the painful operation of extracting a tooth. The doctor knows just how.

—The Bar Harbor (Me.) Record.

The Way Troubles Travel

The peanut vendor at Yoakum, Texas, according to the Herald, lost his peanut roaster by fire. As the unhappy man entered his home, following the conflagration, he was met at the door with the announcement that he was the father of twins who arrived shortly before. Troubles never come singly.

—The Brenham (Ind.) Banner-Press.

The Truth of It

The other day a local theater billed a wild west show, and a novel advertising announcement told of how Piute Pete would throw knives at a lady and cut her picture in the boards. We went to the free exhibition and expected to see a thin, nervous little lady, and lo and behold, we were surprised to find a roly-polly cornfed amazon, all loaded with serenity, peace and smiles. You never can tell about life from where you sit. —The Lonaconing (Md.) Advocate.

Sticking By His Oath

A woman came up to the depot the other day and wanted us to print it about her man not being ready and almost causing her to miss the train. She says men are always blaming the women as the late ones. We refuse to disclose the name. We must stand by the lodge oath, and help our brother in distress.

—The Mulvane (Kan.) News.

Reassuring for Patrons

George Jennerjahn, the butcher, captured a mice on Friday.

—The Sturgeon Bay (Wis.) News.

No Reason for Pique

Mrs. M. McNabb wishes it understood by her neighbors that the oyster supper reported was not by her invitation nor was the entertainment of her furnishing and was only a small family affair and not worthy of the publicity given it at someone else's expense.

—The Alliance (O.) Review.

We Hope Minnie Wasn't

A gentleman friend of near Camden spent Sunday with Miss Minnie Dull, of this place.

—The Eaton (O.) Herald.

The Skating Craze Hits Needah

The dance at Holmsville Friday night proved a fizzle owing to the concaition of the hall and the condition of some of those who came to attend. The orchestra became disgusted and went home.

—The Needah (Wis.) Republican.

A Bold Plan

Mrs. R. D. Young, Adrian, Mich., is a guest at the sanitarium in Battle Creek, Mich., having gone there to take advantage of the institution.

—The Adrian (Mich.) Telegram.

Old Saul Helps Out

One of the most superb wedding affairs ever pulled off in this city was the nuptials of Mr. Samuel J. Digford and Miss Evangelina Gostin when they were united in holy wedlock by Rev. Francis Shiner. At the beginning of the morning the day was one of gloom, but later Old Saul in all his effulgence rays streamed through the windows of the church adding cheer and enthusiasm to the whole occasion. Each individual of the wedding party performed beamed forth and the clouds were scattered in favor of Daniel Cupid. The his or her part as perfectly as if guided by a guardian angel and the entire performance was one of rare beauty portraying all the accuracy of a piece of well oiled machinery.

—The Belltown (Tenn.) Messenger.

The Smooth Course of Love

George H. Vance and Miss Lolo Lemme "grew up together" in Chicago. They liked each other as lad and lassie, and when they grew older they liked each other still better and then the little god of love did the rest. What more romantic, thought they, than to be wedded at Pine Lake, where the birds sing and the whispering breezes tell of love's sweet contest.

—The La Porte (Ind.) Argus.

Indeed, No Place to Grab Her

The woman, pointing to a man who stood near, declared he had spoken to her and then had seized her by the adm TDMhoacy-Sb- ff standingx cmf cmfwy

—The Terre Haute (Ind.) Star.

Apology Where Apology is Due

We are due Mr. Joe Brock an apology, also his dogs. The dogs that disturbed public worship at the Methodist church a few Sundays ago, by chasing a rabbit 'round and 'round the church, were not his dogs. They belong to our genial friend and neighbor, Mr. Camp, who assured us today that he would leave them at home on next meetin' Sunday.

—The Fairburn (Ga.) News.

In These Days of Grip

The jewel of the program, which stamped Miss Case as a true artiste, was: "Thy Hidden Germs Are Rich Beyond All Measure."

—The Dayton (O.) Journal.

This Reporter No Man About Town

The fair and supper of the Ladies' Aid Society was decidedly a success. Everyone present seemed to be in good humor, and the tables well patronized, especially those holding the eatables. The writer is seldom present at these entertainments, and only for the lovely evening making it seem too good to stay in doors might as usual have retired early to bed.

—The Turner's Falls (Mass.) Reporter.

Hopeful

Unfortunately I am Sick
in Bed.
Please Reserve Your Business
For Me.

M. J. WALZ,
Monuments and Tombstones.
—The Defiance (O.) News-Courier.

Sandwiches Prove Soothing

Last Friday night a crowd of about 40 gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Orrie Stanfield, to bid them farewell. After some good old-fashioned square and round dances the crowd became quiet while sandwiches, cake and coffee were being served.

—The Oberlin (O.) Tribune.

The Cow Will Wait

Barley Lacey seriously injured his hand jumping a barbed wire fence Friday, to milk the cow. Don't be in a hurry, Barley, the cow will wait.

—The Ottawa County (O.) Exponent.

A Valuable Mule

A woman was kicked on the chin by a mule, causing her to bite off the end of her tongue, and her husband several times since refused an offer of \$1,000 for the mule.

—The Russellville (Ky.) News-Democrat.

Local Pride

His accompaniments were played by Madam Myrom Smith, and the fine, rich voice of Mr. Hollenbeck together with the beautifully furnished and decorated rooms made the guests feel as if they were in a much larger city than Creston.

—The Creston (Ia.) Advertiser-Gazette.

Preparedness

G. W. Schoener, the well-known undertaker, will this evening give a banquet to the doctors of the town.

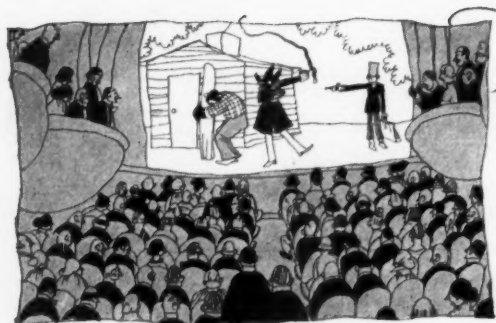
—The Scottsville (Ga.) Weekly.

They Do These Things in Kansas

Fellow dropped into the office the other day and ordered the paper, and we were well pleased. Said it was a good paper, and we were glad. Said it was more than worth the money to any man of intelligence, and we were tickled. Said it was the mainstay of the town, and we were super-tickled. Said it was the greatest booster and the most reliable town builder and developer in this whole community, and we yelled with joy. Paid for his paper, and — we slid gently to the floor in blissful unconsciousness. Nature had reached its limit.

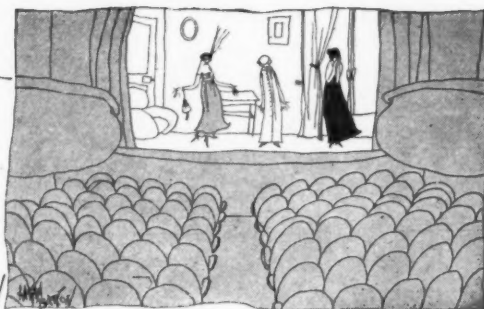
—The Altoona (Kan.) Tribune.

Ruck



The PUPPET SHOP

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



Drawn by Ralph Barton

The First-Nighter Glossary

Rotten — An adjective used to describe anything good.

Author — A noun used to designate the person who, in response to the applause, comes out upon the stage after the second act in a conspicuously new Tuxedo and talks as if he had written a play.

Laugh — A noise uttered by the audience whenever the comedian, casting an eye upon the prima donna's hinter-décolleté, ejaculates, "I'm glad to see your back again."

Grate — Something that is used to heat up vaudeville sketches.

Wholesome — An adjective used to describe any play which sacrifices art to morals.

Dramatic — An adjective used to describe a scene in which anything, from a vase to the seventh commandment, is broken.

Sympathy — The emotion felt by the audience for the woman character who lies, betrays, robs, deceives, steals, poisons, cheats, swindles, commits adultery, plays false, stabs, dupes or murders — in a beautiful gown.

Program — a pamphlet which assures the audience that the theatre is disinfected of germs with CKL Disinfectant and that the play is disinfected of drama with actors.

The Greek dramatists (*to an American audience*) — Björnson, Stephen Phillips, Tchekhov, von Hofmannstahl, Strindberg, François de Curel, Andreiev, Molnar and Shaw.

Arguments Against the Hyphen

Knack-wurst.

Lou-Tellegen.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree.

Arguments in Favor of the Hyphen

Würzburger-Hofbräu.

Non-refillable bottles.

The Hoochee-Coochee.

Four-fifths of the theatre's epigrams have hinged upon a bachelor, a married woman or a widow — either after supper or before breakfast.

The Hero

The hero, or leading character, of our current American drama, who is he?

He is that character in the play who is compelled to echo, as mouthpiece, the opinions, beliefs and attitudes of the author of the play. This unquestionably explains why some of our intelligent leading actors — men like Arnold Daly, William Faversham, et al. — have in disgust deserted the stage, at least temporarily, for the moving-pictures or silent drama.

Producer — one who gets someone else to produce the money.

Audience — a variable number of persons who go to the theatre in search of amusement — and who provide it!

Spotlight — a light that shows up the spots on the scenery.

Thanksgiving Proclamation

Let us, however great our other misfortunes, be thankful that the human race was born with two legs instead of one. This circumstance alone makes our musical comedies twice as interesting as they would otherwise have been.

The Three Unities

Have you ever, in photographs of actresses taken "in their homes," observed one of the good ladies doing otherwise than

1. Sitting at a wicker table pouring tea for herself?

2. Sitting meditatively at the piano with the light from the window streaming tastefully upon her?

3. Reclining amid the pillows of a couch or chaise-longue reading a book?

Synonym for "Aisle" (in the orchestra of a Broadway theatre) — Hester Street.

Synonym for "Aisle" (in the gallery of the Metropolitan Opera House) — Boulevard des Italiens.

Pro-German Note

The American actor believes the English actor is a less able artist than himself because the English actor wears with his evening clothes a watch attached with a leather strap to his wrist in place of a watch attached with a long black ribbon to his neck.

A Thumb-nail Critique

The plays which, in the last two decades, have in the United States made the most money:

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

'Way Down East.

The Old Homestead.

Ben-Hur.

The plays which, in the last two decades, have in the United States made the least money:

The Thunderbolt.

Strife.

The Three Daughters of M. Dupont.

The Incubus.

The Leading Articles in the Faith of the Vaudeville Devotee

I

All Irishmen have red hair.

II

All Irishmen are in a constant state of homesickness for a girl they left behind in Killarney.

III

All tramps wear big patches (preferably of red) on the seats of their pants.

IV

All the natives of Switzerland wear green felt hats and are, by profession, either yodlers or bell-ringers.

V

All Salvation Army girls walk along the street with hands folded in front of them and eyes on the ground.

VI

There is such a thing as a pretty Salvation Army girl.

According to the latest statistics, there are at present not less than 150,000 feeble-minded persons in the United States. These figures should be reassuring to our theatrical managers.



NO MERCY

"They might at least make me a trusty"

Anything to Oblige

A delegation of indignant women once waited upon the head of a trolley company.

"You must lower the steps of your cars at least three inches," said the spokeswoman firmly. "They are much too high. It is almost impossible for us to reach them. Our lives are endangered."

"Certainly," said the head of the trolley company, and he gave orders that the steps should be lowered.

When the work was complete—the company operated several thousand cars—the president informed the women that he had complied with their wishes and hoped that the revised steps would prove satisfactory.

"Oh, thank you," they replied, "but it doesn't matter now, really. The fashion in skirts has changed. They are now made full."

The railroad company now has its cars designed by a topnotch Paris modiste.

Hard to Believe

Father Time hesitated for an instant in his flight and listened to the exploding exclamation points in the vicinity of Oyster Bay.

"To think," he mused, "that that is the same man who called the Portsmouth Peace Conference."

Clapping his hands to his ears, Time sped on.



STRICTLY PRIVATE

MODEST MAIDEN Oh, Doctor! It is terribly embarrassing for me to say it, but I must have you look at—er—my leg



EGYPTIAN DEITIES

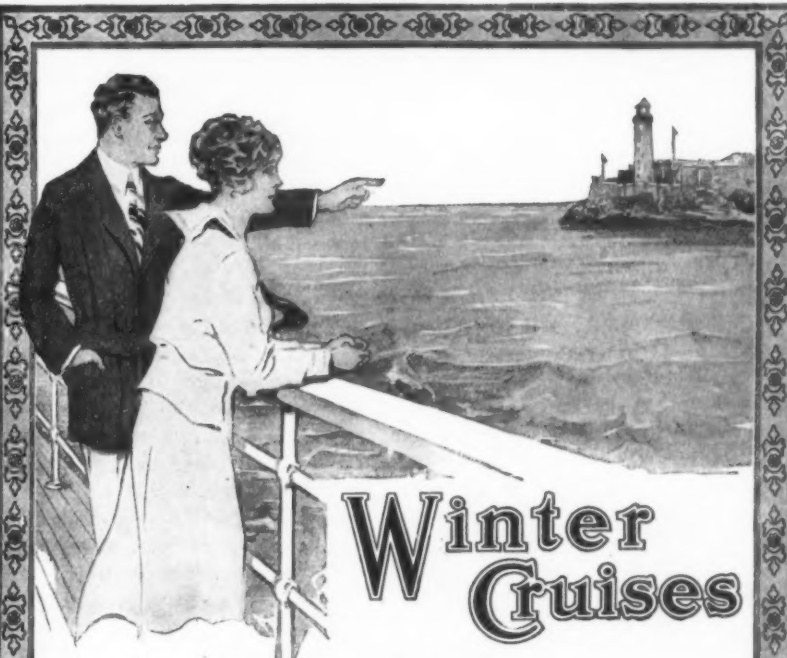
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WHAT IS NEW THOUGHT?



Elisabeth Towne
Editor of Nautilus

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ELIZABETH TOWNE says "New Thought is old thought burbanked."
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX gives her opinion in the booklet "What I Know About New Thought."

For 10 cts. you can get the and three months' trial subscription to NAUTILUS, leading magazine of the New Thought and Mental Healing movement. Edwin Markham, William Walker Atkinson, Orison Swett Marden, Edward B. Warman, A. M., Horatio W. Dresser and many others are regular contributors.



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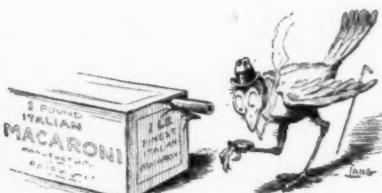
NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT

Rhymed Fashions

She really will wear them!
Though some folks compare them,
To pantalette ruffles of old;
Of the muslin and lace,
There is never a trace,
They're part of her stocking, I'm told.

For the rest of her clothes,
Almost anything goes,
The hose are the crucial test;
Checks and stripes of Scotch wool,
Seen 'neath skirts very full,
Thin stripings are really the best.

Fashion's reason is clear,
Wool is thicker, My Dear,
Than silk with a fur-berimmed gown;
To make ankles look trim,
When the style says Be Slim,
Be sure the stripes run up and down.



THE EARLY BIRD

"I've waited two hours for that worm to come out of his hole and there isn't a sign of him yet!"

As Clear as the Chicago River

The following, clipped from a recent issue of the Chicago Tribune, which is, according to its motto, "The World's Greatest Newspaper":

"The Tribune has secured reproductions of the most famously beautiful pictures that, until fear of their destruction by Taube bombs caused them to be hidden, hung in the famous Luxembourg galleries in Paris."

When writing to advertisers, please mention Puck



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in the new
FORT DEARBORN HOTEL
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Pittsburgh, Pa.





— The New York World.
NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED

New York is thronged with men who would rather depend on charity than help to produce foodstuffs on the uninhabited lands near our city.

— A ministerial person.

The gentleman should not forget that most of the "uninhabited and unproductive land near our city" are suburban building lots which their respective owners are holding for a rise. They formerly "produced foodstuffs" when they were part of farms, but now they produce nothing but ragweed and the hope of easy money "when the subway comes." It is true the land is uninhabited, but it is owned—some of the lots by people who have never seen them, mail-order purchases—and before the city's poor may do any farming there, they will have to pay the owners a profit on their investment. It isn't the fault of the poor that the lands "near our city" are unproductive.

The modern patriot's version of it is: "Give me Pork or give me death."



— Der Brummer, Berlin.
DIFFICULTY IN DELIVERIES
UNCLE SAM: You lazy loafer, get into the traces and pull!

(Germany pokes fun at Uncle Sam's difficulty with the hyphenates who strive to obstruct the work of delivering munitions to the Allies.)

The moderate man is a boon to the community. Being neither narrow-minded nor overindulgent, he is the balance wheel of American life.

And it is to the moderate man that we direct our best effort in making a remarkably mild and mellow Whiskey—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 1 East 31st St. N. Y. That's All!



DID YOU VISIT THE PHILADELPHIA CENTENNIAL IN 1876?

That's a long time back. But that was about the time that Richmond Straight Cuts were first made:

These cigarettes were the first high-grade cigarettes made in the United States. That they are so popular today bears out the old saying that "Quality

—like a woman with a secret—will tell in the end."

In all these years, the high quality of Richmond Straight Cuts has never varied. Their "bright" Virginia tobacco has the same characteristic and appealing taste today.

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT Cigarettes

PLAIN OR CORK TIP—15 Cents

Besides the regular package shown here, these cigarettes are also packed in attractive tins, 50 for 40 cents; 100 for 75 cents. These larger packages will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer cannot supply you.

Allen & Ginter, RICHMOND, Virginia, U.S.A.
LIBRETTI & HYSON, TORONTO, CANADA

PREFERRED BY GENTLEMEN NOW AS THEN





— KIKERIKI, Vienna.

THE VERDICT OF THE MODERN PARIS
KING CONSTANTINE OF GREECE (to England, Serbia and France): After looking at all three of you, I guess I'll keep the apple myself

Real Estate Anecdotes

"Can I show you one of my new stucco houses?" asked the affable builder of the man who was passing.

"Just how do you spell that word?" inquired the passer-by; "I'm not as inexperienced as I look."

II

"Did you advertise that country estate on the Hudson for sale to-day?" asked the real estate promoter of his assistant.

"I did, but I think they made a mistake in setting it up."

"How so? Let me see it."

"Here it is. As I remember, you wanted me to advertise, 'Easy terms for quick buyer.' The paper has set it up 'Quick terms for easy buyer.'"



— Columbus (Ohio) Evening Despatch.
HASNT CHANGED A BIT

The Ideal Job

NICE OLD GENTLEMAN: Well, my little man, and what do you plan to be when you grow up?

SMALL BOY: A Big League pinch hitter.

How Old Man Curry's colors were carried in the big race is told in "The Redemption Handicap." Everyone who has read any of the other Chas. E. Van Loan stories about Old Man Curry will immediately be interested. His race-horses, you remember, were all named after the prophets—Elisha, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and so on. This new story of the famous Curry stable is even more amusing than some of its predecessors. Look for it in the February 5th issue of

Collier's ^{5¢ a copy}
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York City

Where Shall I Go
Tonight?

A Directory of New York's
Leading Theatrical Offerings



ASTOR BROADWAY & 45th STREET

Evenings 8:30
Matinees Wednesday (Pop.) and Saturday at 2:20
Geo. M. Cohan's Great American Farce

Hit-the-Trail-Holliday

with Fred Niblo as "Billy Holliday"

LONGACRE THEATRE, West 48th Street

Evenings at 8:30
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:20
COHAN & HARRIS PRESENT

LEO DITRICHSTEIN IN HIS COMEDY SUCCESS THE GREAT LOVER

48th ST. THEATRE 48th St. East of Broadway

Evenings 8:15 Matinee Thursdays and Saturdays 2:15
Messrs. Shubert Present

JUST A WOMAN

By EUGENE WALTER

PLAYHOUSE 48th Street East of Broadway

Evenings at 8:15, Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:15

GRACE GEORGE AND HER PLAYHOUSE COMPANY IN BERNARD SHAW'S MAJOR BARBARA

REPUBLIC West 42nd Street. Evgs at 8:30

Matinee Wed. & Sat. at 2:30
A. H. Woods presents

COMMON CLAY By Clives Kinkaid

With JOHN MASON and JANE COWL

CANDLER West 42nd Street. Bryant 6344

Evenings at 8:20
Matinees Wednesday (Pop.) and Saturday at 2:20
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Management CHARLES DILLINGHAM

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MAT.	DAILY	EV'GS	EV'GS
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25c to	25c to	25c to	25c to
\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$1.50
SOUSA & BAND		SENSATIONAL ICE BALLET	
1,000 People — 100 Wonders		Sunday Nights, SOUSA and His Band	

SHUBERT ATTRACTIONS IN NEW YORK

WINTER GARDEN	2nd Edition Town Topics
CASINO	The Blue Paradise
LYRIC	Abe and Mawruss
39th STREET	The Unchastened Woman
MAXINE ELLIOTT'S	Robert Hilliard
SHUBERT	Alone at Last
COMEDY	Hobson's Choice
44th STREET	Katinka

The Seven Arts

quality in this comminglement of decoration, music, costume and pantomime. While the legend is clearly expressed, the music, too, is interpreted. This is reversing the respective rôles of dancing and music, and it is the very foundation of the new aesthetic evangel from Russia.

The Performances

The opening night at the Century was devoted to "L'Oiseau de Feu," ballet in two scenes by Fokine, music by Stravinsky, scenes and costumes designed by Golovine. "Scheherezade," choreographic drama by Leon Bakst and Mihail Fokine, music by Rimsky-Korsakov, scenery and costumes designed by Bakst. There were also two pieces which served as short interludes, "Soleil de Nuit," sacred Russian games, arranged by Leonide Massin, music by Rimsky-Korsakov, scenery and costumes by M. Larionof; and "La Princesse Enchantée," arranged by M. Petipa, music by Tschai-kowsky, scenery and costumes by Bakst. There's rich entertainment for you. It was almost flawlessly executed by the principals and other members of the company—who are not named on the bill, yet who are, each in his or her way, solo artists. It is, I repeat, the ensemble that tells in these performances; magnificent team-work, to employ a homelier phrase. I shall refrain at present from making comparisons between the former company in Paris and the one now in America, for the reason that I could only give the names, say, of Ida Rubinstein, Fokina—the wife of Fokine—Nijinski, Karsavina and a few others, and these names would be meaningless if not accompanied by other living presences. To have seen Nijinski in "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" is an inestimable memory. To have witnessed the acting of the lovely Karsavina in "Thamar," or in Schumann's "Carnaval," is another such memory. But we have the versatile Adolf Bolm, who in "Petroutka" proves his humor, as he is master of pathos in "Carnaval" and a powerful delineator in "Scheherezade." He was not in the best form at the New York *première*, suffering as he was from a severe cold. Under the circumstances he accomplished wonders. Miss Xenia Maclezova was the Fire-Bird in "L'Oiseau de Feu," and a charming personality and dancer she is. Flora Revalles, the Princess in "Scheherezade," is a striking young artist, divinely skinny, and Lubov Tchernikova as the Princess in the "Fire Bird," with its flaming, brilliant harmonies and extraordinary background, was picturesque.

Where Shall I Go
Tonight?

A Directory of New York's
Leading Theatrical Offerings



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Ticker Topics

The check in the letter with the Idaho postmark was a fat one and Findem, Bunkem & Co.'s clever mail-order man chuckled triumphantly as he waved it in the Manager's face.

The Manager looked at the signature. "Don't know the name," he said. "Never heard of him. Total stranger."

"All the more reason why we should take him in," chortled the other, reaching for the blank stock certificates.

She swirled into the inner office without as much as a look at the word "Private" on the door. "Mr. Smith," she began, "how much is that stock you got for me the other day?"

"About ninety, I think," Smith wearily replied.

"Ninety!" — her voice rose — "Ninety! Why, Mr. Smith, I paid ninety-three and you said it was a safe investment."

"It is a safe investment," Smith replied, trying very hard to be polite. "It is a safe investment, and to prove it I'll take back your stock at ninety-three, the price you originally paid." He rang his buzzer for the cashier. "Jones," he said, "give Mrs. Simpson a check for her stock, at ninety-three."

A week later, when Consolidated was selling at par, Mrs. Simpson came beaming into the office. "Oh, Mr. Smith," she cried. "Isn't it perfectly splendid. Why, I've made enough to buy that set of furs. Sell my stock for me, please, and I'll take the check right with me."

Smith winced as he reached for the cashier's buzzer, but Mrs. Simpson never saw it. "Thank you, so much, ever so much," she said, as she walked out a few minutes later with the check.

"Jones!" roared the senior member, as the door closed behind her, "Jones, if you ever let another woman's account come into this office you'll lose your job. Put it on the stationery. Put it on a sign over the door — "POSITIVELY NO WOMEN'S ACCOUNTS HANDLED!"

Deserts have never been very good places to build railroads and the case of the Western Pacific has proved no exception to the rule.

An engineer sent out to look over the property in connection with the impending reorganization, returned last week and was asked how he had found traffic conditions.

"Traffic conditions?" he said, "there aren't any traffic conditions. Just sand and salt and silence and the presence of God — and mighty little of the latter."



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The fact is that no matter who you are, whether you are young or old, weak or strong, rich or poor, I can prove to you readily by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life, and I want the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come in possession of new life, vigor, energy, development and a higher realization of life and success.

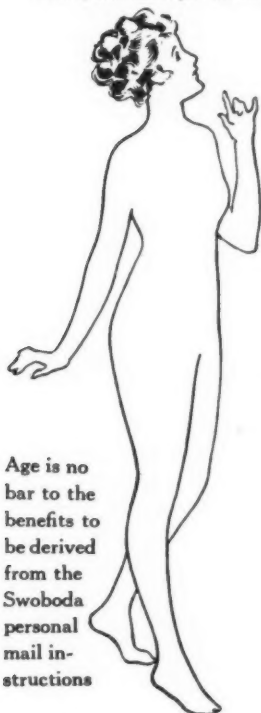
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